MARVEL
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AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
THE X-MEN
HAVOK
SILVESTRI
IN THE LAIR OF THE CULT!

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™

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Stan Lee Presents:

HAVOK "PHARAOH'S LEGACY" 1

WRITER — Howard Mackie
BREAKDOWNS — Rich Buckler
FINISHES — Bruce Patterson
LETTERER — Bill Oakley
COLORIST — Andy Yanchus

"A HEART DETERMINED" — PART 5 OF 8

Havok's quest for Leila O'Toole takes him from the Outback of Australia to Cairo, Egypt. There he has uncovered a religious cult dedicated to preserving the memory of the living Pharaoh. Now he is faced with a duel to the death with the armored trackers to save the life of Leila ...

BLACK PANTHER "PANTHER'S QUEST" 9

WRITER — Don McGregor
PENCILER — Gene Colan
INKER — Tom Palmer
LETTERER — Joe Rosen
COLORIST — Mike Rockwitz

"LOST PROMISES" — PART 16 OF 25

In the humid South African night battle wages between opposing forces in a black township. A vigilante group called the Comrads clashes with the "Fathers" and T'Challa, the king of the Wakandas, The Great Black Cat, is moved by the efforts of a young boy who tries to save his life ... and now faces death!

COLDBLOOD "RISE AND SHINE" 17

WRITER — Doug Moench
PENCILER — Paul Gulacy
INKER — Paul Gulacy
LETTERER — Tim Harkins
COLORIST — Glynis Oliver

"THE COMPLEX" — PART 3 OF 10

Still unaware of his former, true identity, and attacked in bizarre fashion from all sides, Coldblood-7 realizes he is being tested, much like a rat in a maze. Attempting to escape the testing environment (New York City after nuclear attack?), he suffers a mysterious shutdown. Then, following an unknown woman's voice inside his head, he is guided back into the maze — to the "library" ...

TRITON 25

WRITER — Robert Campanella
PENCILER — Javier Saltares
INKER — José Marzan, Jr.
LETTERER — Agustin Mas
COLORIST — John A. Wilcox

"GIVING PEACE A CHANCE"

On the moon, in its blue area, there is a city called Attilan. Within that city lives a race of super powered people called Inhumans. At an early age each is placed in the Mutagenic Terrigen Mist Chamber where they manifest their own individual powers. One such Inhuman is Triton.

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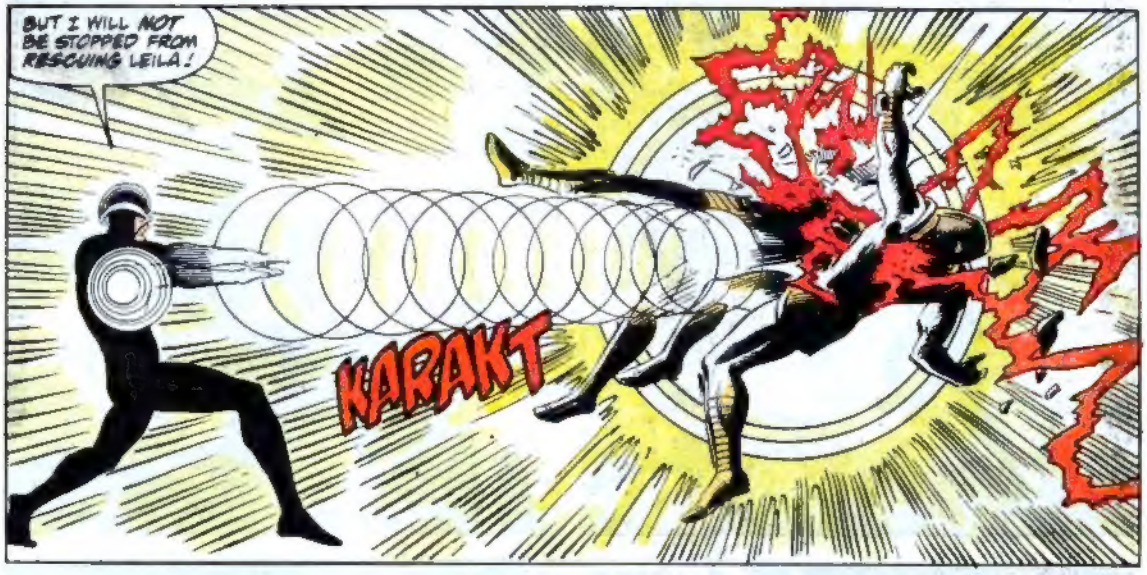
PHARAOH'S LEGACY • PART V
A HEART DETERMINED!
FEATURING HAVOK
YOU HAVE DEFILED THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT PHARAOH, IN SEARCH OF THIS TRAITOROUS WENCH, AND FOR THIS, BLOOD MUST POUR!
EITHER THE BLOOD OF THIS ONE CALLED LEILA O'TOOLE, OR YOURS--

RELEASE HER AND I'LL DO AS YOU ASK.
TAKE HER AWAY AND PREPARE HER.
ALEX?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "PREPARE HER"?
YOU SAID SHE WOULDN'T BE HARMED! LET HER GO OR--
SILENCE.
THE GIRL WILL BE RELEASED.
BUT ONLY AFTER HE WHO WAS THE LIVING PHARAOH IS SATISFIED.
BLOOD MUST BE SPILLED IN AN ARENA OF COMBAT.
YOU WILL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, INFIDEL.
HAVE TO PLAY IT THEIR WAY UNTIL I KNOW THAT LEILA IS SAFE!

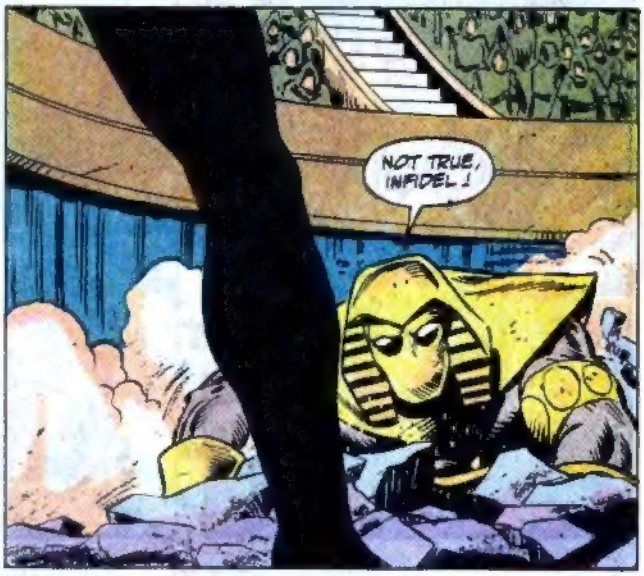
SHORTLY...
OH, CHILDREN OF THE PHARAOH. BEHOLD THE INFIDEL CALLED HAVOK.
HE WHO CAUSED THE GREAT ONE SO MUCH SUFFERING.
HE WHO PREVENTED OUR LEADER FROM ATTAINING THE POWER WHICH WAS HIS DIVINE RIGHT.
NOW WATCH AS HE RECEIVES THE JUSTICE OF THE PHARAOH--
--AND, WITH THE RELEASE OF HIS LIFE FORCE, HE REKINDLES OUR LINEAGE.
WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?
BEHOLD, THE TRACKERS, THE FIST OF THE PHARAOH!
BEGIN!
KTOOM
ATTACKING ALL AT ONCE...

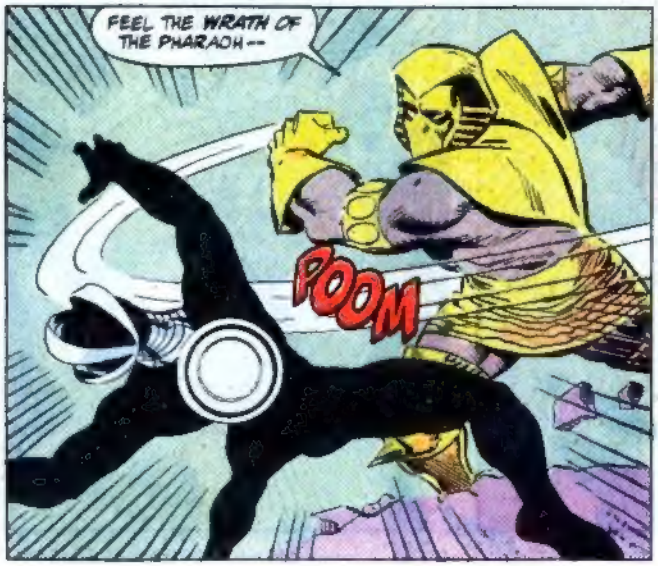
...HAVE TO ACT FAST--
UGH! MY HAND!
TOOM
FORGOT ABOUT THEIR ARMOR.
WON'T BE ABLE TO USE MY FISTS!
FRZZAT
URK!
WEAPONS, ALSO...
...THAT'S TWO THINGS I UNDER-ESTIMATED ABOUT YOU GUYS!
WOHLP
IT WON'T HAPPEN--
PTOOM
--AGAIN!
NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR POWER LEVELS--
FRZZT
--I CAN PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS!

YOUR ENERGY BEAMS CAN'T COMPETE WITH MY MUTANT PLASMA BLASTS!
YES, RELEASE ALL OF YOUR ENERGIES.
LET THE DESCENDANTS OF THE PHARAOH RECEIVE THEIR LEGACY.
FWOOM
RECEIVE THIS!
THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
YOU THINK THAT SOMEHOW YOU CAN ABSORB THE COSMIC RAYS FROM MY BODY?
PTOOM
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT--
--THEN LET'S DO IT!


BUT I WILL NOT BE STOPPED FROM RESCUING LEILA!
KARAKT

IT'S OVER.
ALL OF THE TRACKERS ARE FINISHED.


NOT TRUE, INFIDEL!


FEEL THE WRATH OF THE PHARAOH--
POOM

--FEEL HIS FIST!
WHOK

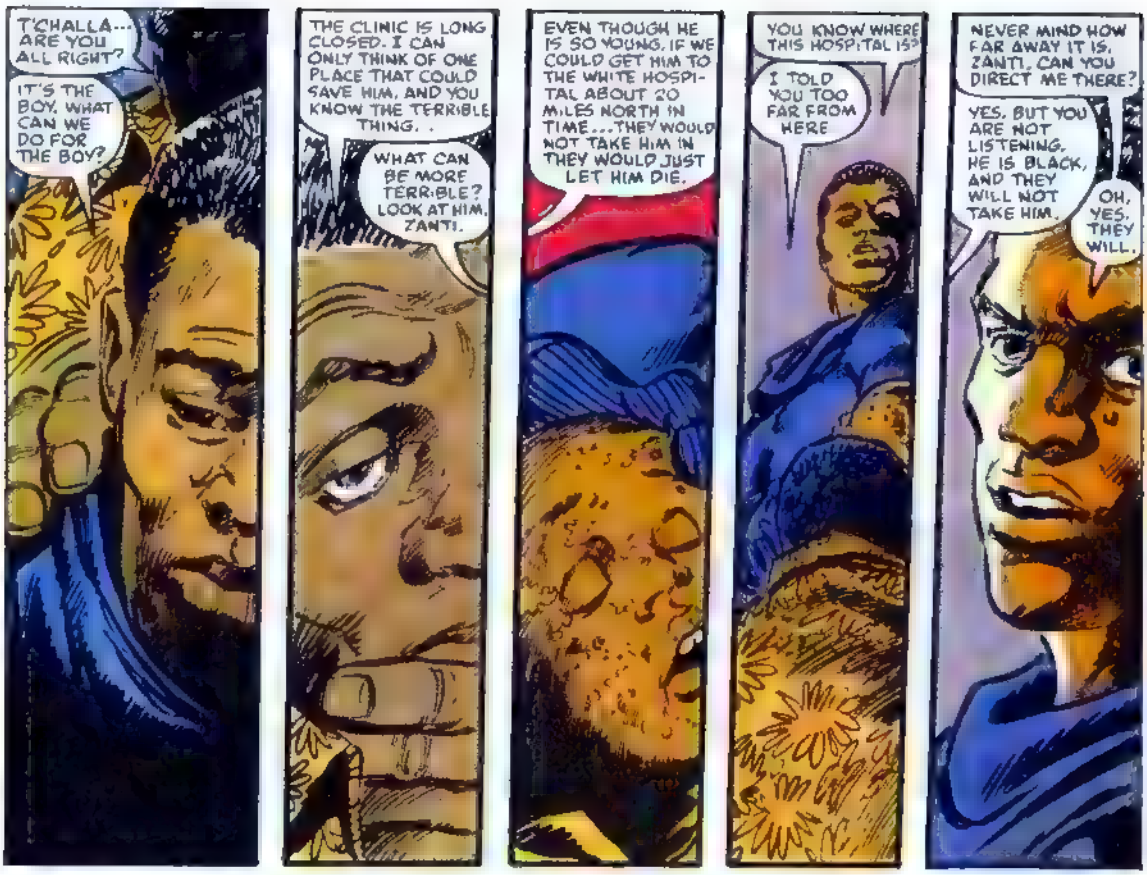
I AM THE ONLY TRACKER WORTHY ENOUGH TO RECEIVE THE LEGACY OF THE LIVING PHARAOH.
WHAT IS THIS LEGACY THAT YOU ALL KEEP TALKING ABOUT?
IT IS THE POWER OF THE PHARAOH WHICH HAS BEEN PASSED ON TO HIS ONLY TRUE DESCENDANT--
--ME!
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LEGACY--
--I JUST WANT TO LEAVE WITH LEILA O'TOOLE.
FWOOM
AND I WILL LEAVE EVEN IF I HAVE TO GO THROUGH YOU TO DO IT.!
YOU HAVE STOPPED BUT ONE OF MY WEAPONS, HAWK--
--I HAVE MANY MORE!
I ONLY HAVE ONE WEAPON--
BTOOM
--BUT I KNOW HOW TO USE IT!

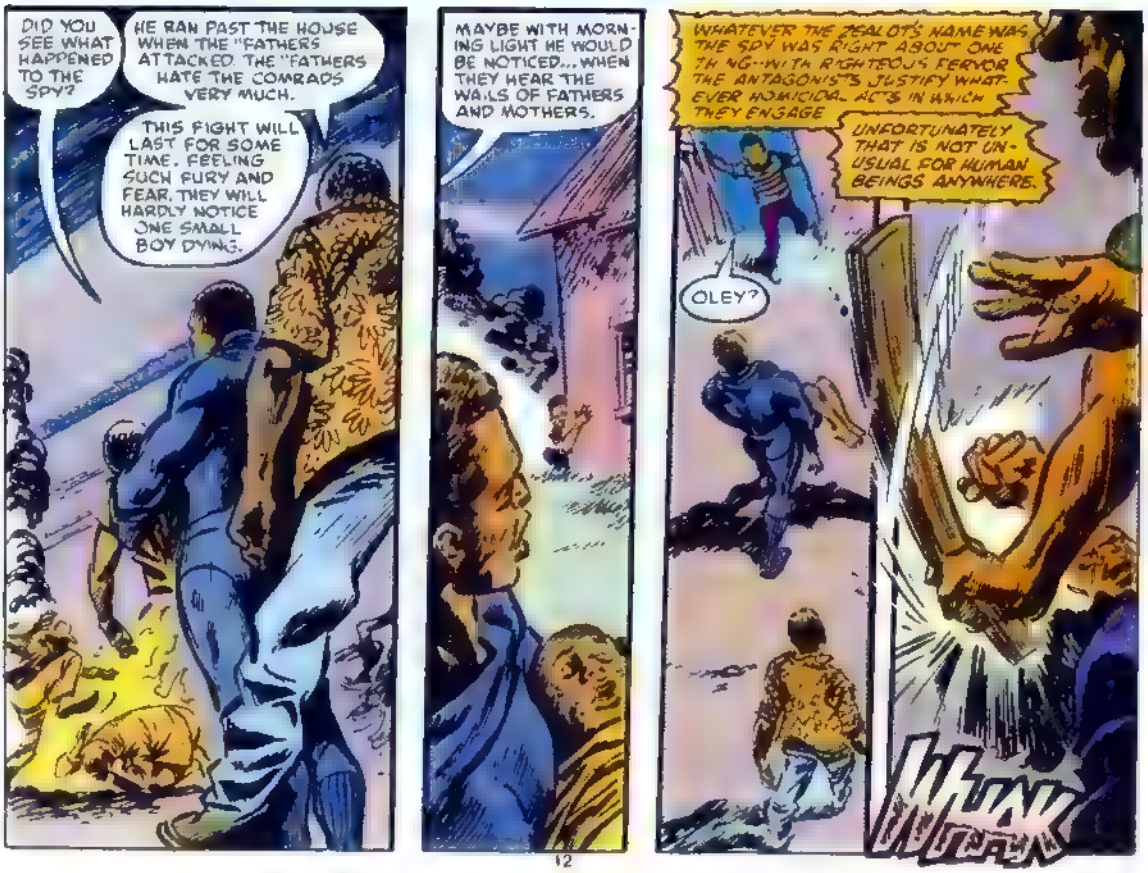
I'M EXHAUSTED!
IT TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD TO STOP HIM!
GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TIME TO ABSORB SOME MORE COSMIC RAYS AND BUILD UP MY ENERGY SUPPLY--
--I HOPE HE WAS THE LAST OF THE TRACKERS!
BEHOLD!
THE TRACKER RISES AGAIN!
NO.
YOU'RE RIGHT, INFIDEL --NOT JUST A TRACKER!
KAROOM
FALL TO YOUR KNEES WITH MY PEOPLE AND PAY HOMAGE--
--PAY HOMAGE TO PLASMA, THE RIGHTFUL DESCENDANT OF THE LIVING PHARAOH!
HAIL PLASMA!
HAIL OUR QUEEN!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

PANTHER'S QUEST
PART XXVI
STARRING... THE BLACK PANTHER
"Though you would populate the earth with sons, you will send generations yet unborn to perish in their youth."
—From the novel, "Sons," by Evan Hunter, 1969
T'CHALLA TOUCHES THE BOY AS TENDERLY AS GLOVED HANDS WILL PERMIT.
HE DOES NOT KNOW THE BOY'S NAME EVEN THOUGH THE YOUTH (HOW OLD? CERTAINLY NOT MORE THAN EIGHT.) HELPED SAVE HIS LIFE.
BOOM
BOOM
HE IS CLOSE TO BECOMING A CASUALTY IN THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE TWO VIOLENT GROUPS. IANTI CHIKANE REALIZES. AND HE BELONGS TO NEITHER SIDE!
THE COMRADS AND THE "FATHERS" ARE BOTH OFFICIALLY CONSIDERED POLITICAL RENEGADES BY WHITE MINORITY OFFICIALS IN SOUTH AFRICA'S TWO CAPITALS, PRETORIA AND CAPE TOWN.
BOTH SIDES BATTLE WITH IMPLACABLE COMMITMENT AND CRUELTY.

ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR THOSE CITIES OF HIGH TOWERS AND WEALTH RATHER THAN THE RAT INFESTED ZINC TRACT HOUSES OF A TOWNSHIP THAT COULD BE CONDEMNED AND RAZED TO DEBRIS BY BULLDOZERS ORDERED TO THE SITE BY THE PEOPLE WHO RULED IN THOSE HIGH TOWERS.
THE COMRADS HAVE USURPED THE TOWNSHIP. THE "FATHERS" MIGHT HATE THE AREAS THE NATIONAL PARTY, THE RULING WHITE GOVERNMENT, HAS ALLOCATED FOR THEM TO LIVE--
--BUT THEY ARE ALSO THE COMMUNITY'S LEADERS, AND THEY HAVE VOWED TO TAKE BACK THE STREETS--
SAUKH
-- AND THE NIGHT.
THIS IS FLAME-LIT NIGHT-TIME WAR. BLOOD SPLASHING DARK AND BRIEF AS QUICK SHADOWS.
VIGILANTE AGAINST VIGILANTE. WITH ANGER HOT AS THE SWELTERING NIGHT OF FLAME IGNITED GASOLINE.
T'CHALLA!
ZANTI HAS HEARD IT CLAIMED IN THE LOCAL SHEBEENS, OVER VICEROY BRANDY AND LION BEER, THAT THE WHITE GOVERNMENT SECRETLY ENCOURAGES CLASHES BETWEEN DIFFERENT BLACK TRIBES.
HE IS NOT SURE THAT IS TRUE, BUT IS CERTAIN THE TACTIC IS NOT IMPLAUSIBLE, NO MATTER HOW VIGOROUSLY DENIED.

T'CHALLA CANNOT STOP THE TEARS.
HE WANTS TO STOP THE TEARS.
HE CANNOT STOP CRYING--
--THE ONLY SOUND OF HIS GRIEF THAT OF HISSED AIR EXHALED THROUGH NOSTRILS AND MOUTH.
T'Challa.
THE PULSE IS SO SLOW IN THE NECK.
THE FIRE HAS SCORCHED THE TOP OF THE BOY'S HEAD SO THAT WHAT LITTLE HAIR IS LEFT IS THE COLOR OF ASH--
-- AND BENEATH PATCHES OF BLISTERED PURPLISH SKIN.
THERE IS A SMELL OF BURNT FLESH--
--AND THE BOY IS SO LIMP--
-- AND HE CANNOT STOP CRYING--
-- AS IF EVERY PROMISE EVER GIVEN HAS BEEN IRREDEEMABLY LOST


T'CHALLA... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
IT'S THE BOY. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE BOY?
THE CLINIC IS LONG CLOSED. I CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE PLACE THAT COULD SAVE HIM, AND YOU KNOW THE TERRIBLE THING. .
WHAT CAN BE MORE TERRIBLE? LOOK AT HIM, ZANTI.
EVEN THOUGH HE IS SO YOUNG, IF WE COULD GET HIM TO THE WHITE HOSPITAL ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH IN TIME...THEY WOULD NOT TAKE HIM IN THEY WOULD JUST LET HIM DIE.
YOU KNOW WHERE THIS HOSPITAL IS?
I TOLD YOU TOO FAR FROM HERE
NEVER MIND HOW FAR AWAY IT IS, ZANTI, CAN YOU DIRECT ME THERE?
YES, BUT YOU ARE NOT LISTENING. HE IS BLACK, AND THEY WILL NOT TAKE HIM.
OH, YES. THEY WILL.


DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SPY?
HE RAN PAST THE HOUSE WHEN THE "FATHERS ATTACKED. THE "FATHERS HATE THE COMRADS VERY MUCH.
THIS FIGHT WILL LAST FOR SOME TIME. FEELING SUCH FURY AND FEAR, THEY WILL HARDLY NOTICE ONE SMALL BOY DYING.
MAYBE WITH MORNING LIGHT HE WOULD BE NOTICED... WHEN THEY HEAR THE WAILS OF FATHERS AND MOTHERS.
WHATEVER THE ZEALOT'S NAME WAS, THE SPY WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING--WITH RIGHTEOUS FERVOR THE ANTAGONISTS JUSTIFY WHATEVER HOMICIDAL ACTS IN WHICH THEY ENGAGE
UNFORTUNATELY THAT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR HUMAN BEINGS ANYWHERE.
OLEY?
WHUNK
THWAK

THAT'S MY BROTHER! WHAT'D THEY DO TO MY BROTHER?
I AM GOING TO TRY TO SAVE HIM.
I CANNOT MAKE YOU ANY PROMISES I WISH I COULD
NO, I CAN MAKE ONE I WILL TRY MY BEST TO SAVE HIM.
NOW GO TELL YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER WHAT HAS HAPPENED--
--AND THAT I AM TAKING HIM TO THE WHITE HOSPITAL
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET HIM THERE?
WAIT FOR ME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN ZANTI, WHERE WE FIRST MET I WILL PICK YOU UP IN THE SONAR GLIDER
YOU ARE GOING TO CARRY HIM ALL THE WAY TO WHERE THE CRAFT IS HIDDEN?
YES. YOU WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH ME AND I DARE NOT LEAVE HIM HERE IN CASE SECURITY FORCES SHOW UP.
IN SUCH A CASE IT WOULD BE DOUBTFUL WE COULD GET HIM TO ANY PLACE THAT COULD HELP.

THE PANTHER RUNS, ENDEAVORING TO SUMMON THE GREAT CAT'S FAST, EASY GAIT--
--BUT NEVER ABLE TO WHOLLY SURRENDER HIMSELF TO THE SPIRIT.
HE IS TOO AWARE OF THE SMALL LIFE HE CARRIES IN HIS ARMS.
EACH DESCENT OF HIS RIGHT FOOT SENDS A JOLT OF PAIN RIPPING UPWARD FROM THE HALF HEALED GASH IN HIS LEG--
--BUT NOT AS MUCH AGONY AS THIS LITTLE BOY EXPERIENCES AS HE AWAKENS TO NIGHTMARE PAIN.
HIS BREATHING BECOMES JAGGED KNIFE-STABS INTO HIS LUNGS.
SWEAT SOAKS THROUGH HIS CLOTHES, STICKING THEM TO HIM.
HIS BURN IS A TIGHT, HOT CIRCLE CENTERED IN HIS BACK THAT DRILLS TOWARD HIS SPINE.
LISTEN TO THE BOY'S SCREAMS PIERCING ETERNITY--
-- AND KEEP RUNNING
DON'T STOP!

ZANTI CHIKANE IS POSITIVE, NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, THAT T'CHALLA WILL NEVER MAKE IT.
AND THEN THE SONAR GLIDER MATERIALIZES LIKE A NIGHT PHANTASM, WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WHISPER. T'CHALLA NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE HIM.
THE HOSPITAL IS A FUNCTIONAL MODERN STRUCTURE, ALL STRAIGHT ANGLES, AND LITTLE PERSONALITY.
ELECTRICITY GLARES FROM THE WINDOWS LIKE A BORDERLINE DARE.
CROSS HERE AND YOU'LL PAY FOR IT.
HIDE OUT IN THE BUSHES, ZANTI. I DON'T WANT ANYONE ABLE TO IDENTIFY YOU.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? YOU CAN'T BRING HIM IN HERE!
I JUST DID
KEEP BACK FROM ME OR YOU WILL ALL NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION!
THUD
USE THAT SCALPEL FOR WHAT IT WAS MADE FOR... TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE
I... DON'T WANT ANYBODY KILLED HERE.
NEITHER DO I. BUT DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE. YOU ARE GOING TO TRY TO SAVE THIS CHILD'S LIFE AND I PROMISE YOU, I WILL KNOW IF YOU DON'T.
I'LL...
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN
YOU MAKE SURE YOU DO THAT.

I'M SORRY WE REALLY TRIED TO SAVE HIM. I PROMISE YOU
DON'T PROMISE ME ANYTHING EXCEPT THE NEXT TIME A CHILD OF ANY COLOR IS BROUGHT IN--
--YOU WILL TAKE HIM IN
I CAN'T PROMISE THAT EVEN IF I TRIED. NO ONE WOULD LET ME--
--UNLESS SOMEONE LIKE YOU FORCED THEM.
AT LEAST YOU ARE HONEST ABOUT IT. YOU COULD HAVE LIED
YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN THEN.
I'LL...TRY. NO PROMISES
FORGET PROMISES. PROMISES ARE LOST OR DISCARDED ALL THE TIME. WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR IS HUMAN COMPASSION AND DECENCY--
. FOR A DOCTOR WHO SUPPOSEDLY WANTS TO FIGHT WHAT HURTS OR KILLS OTHER HUMAN BEINGS TO BE MOVED ENOUGH BY A LITTLE BOY'S DEATH--
--TO FIGHT TO BE THE MAN HIS TITLE CLAIMS HE IS

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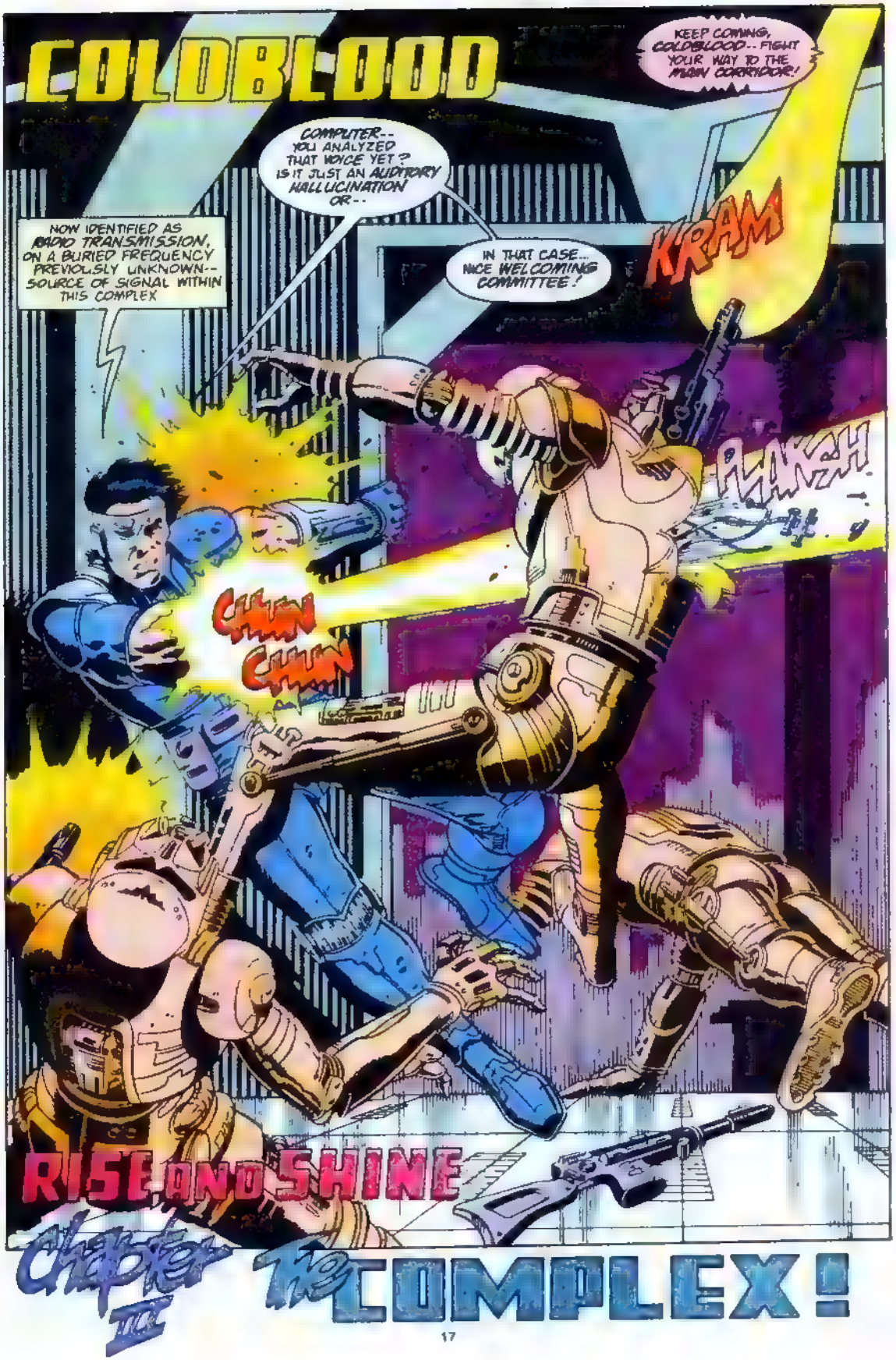
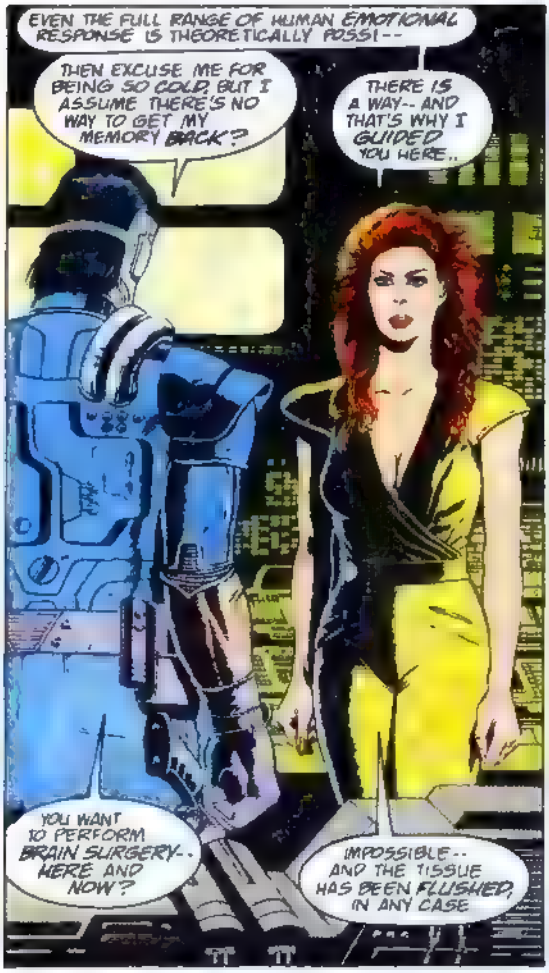

COLDBLOOD
KEEP COMING, COLDBLOOD-- FIGHT YOUR WAY TO THE MAIN CORRIDOR!
COMPUTER-- YOU ANALYZED THAT VOICE YET? IS IT JUST AN AUDITORY HALLUCINATION OR--
NOW IDENTIFIED AS RADIO TRANSMISSION, ON A BURIED FREQUENCY PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN-- SOURCE OF SIGNAL WITHIN THIS COMPLEX
IN THAT CASE... NICE WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
KRAM
KWASH
CHUN CHUN
RISE AND SHINE
Chapter III
The COMPLEX!

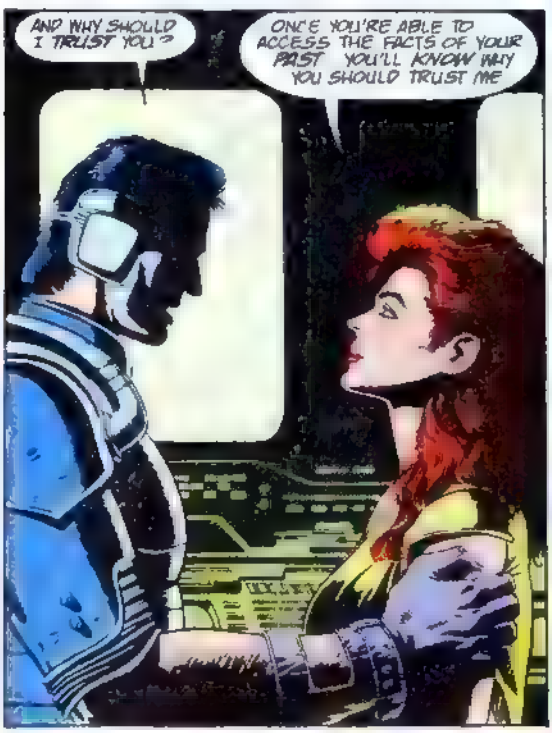
STRAIGHT AHEAD TO THE NEXT CORRIDOR-- THEN LEFT.
SO CALLS THE SIREN, COMPUTER - BUT WHAT DO YOU SAY?
IF YOU WISH TO FOLLOW THE "SIREN'S" LURE, NOTHING
THAT MEAN YOU APPROVE?
IT MEANS THAT NO IMPROVEMENT IN TACTICS IS POSSIBLE, ALTHOUGH COURSE OF ACTION MAY BE ILL-ADVISED
SO IF I WANT TO RUN MYSELF STRAIGHT INTO HADES IT'S UP TO ME--
--BUT YOU'LL TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY
NONE WHATSOEVER
COMPUTER
AGAINST THE WALL--AND FREEZE! WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO EMPTY--THEN JUMP IN.

ALL RIGHT, HIT THE THIRD BUTTON--
TEK
BANG
--NOW!
BHOOM
WHEN YOU REACH LEVEL THREE--
--GO TO THE SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT--
WHERE YOU WILL FIND--
BWAK
YOU--!
--ME
THE WOMAN FROM MY "HALLUCINATION"? WHO ARE YOU?
WHO AM I?
YOU ARE A MAN WHO HAS DIED-- AND WHO HAS BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AS A CYBORG.
I AM THE ONE WHO PERFORMED THE--
THE RESURRECTION
THE CYBERNETIC SURGERY-- DURING WHICH, WHEN THE COMPUTER WAS SPLICED INTO YOUR BRAIN, THERE WAS... DAMAGE.
THE PORTION OF YOUR BRAIN CONTROLLING PERSONAL MEMORY WAS DESTROYED.
OR DELIBERATELY REMOVED?
VERY WELL, IT WAS DELIBERATE-- BUT I HAD NO CHOICE. BELIEVE ME AND AT LEAST YOU'RE STILL CAPABLE OF HUMAN REASONING, WITH YOUR FORMER INTELLIGENCE FULLY INTACT

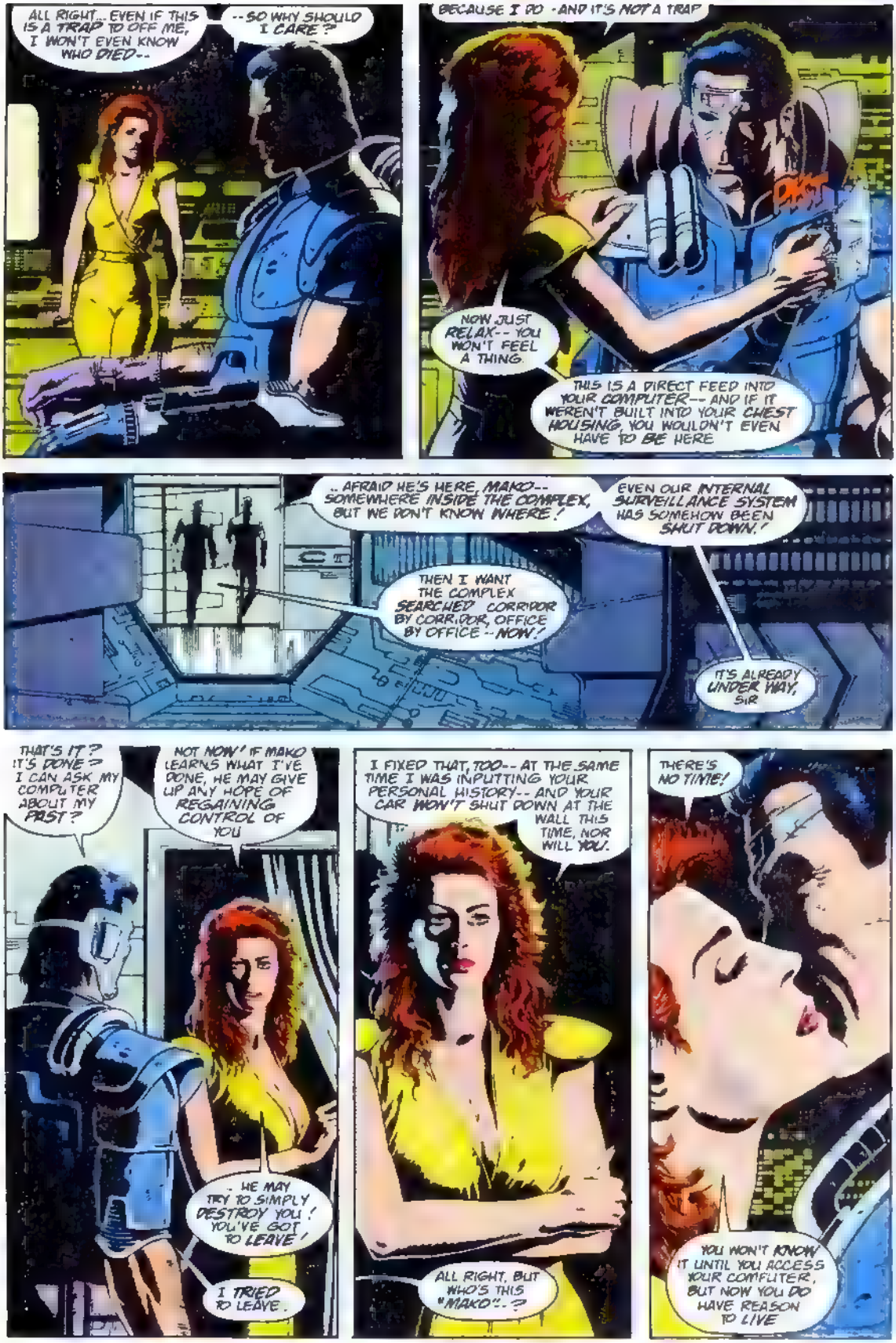

EVEN THE FULL RANGE OF HUMAN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE IS THEORETICALLY POSSI--
THERE IS A WAY-- AND THAT'S WHY I GUIDED YOU HERE..
THEN EXCUSE ME FOR BEING SO COLD, BUT I ASSUME THERE'S NO WAY TO GET MY MEMORY BACK?
YOU WANT TO PERFORM BRAIN SURGERY-- HERE AND NOW?
IMPOSSIBLE-- AND THE TISSUE HAS BEEN FLUSHED, IN ANY CASE

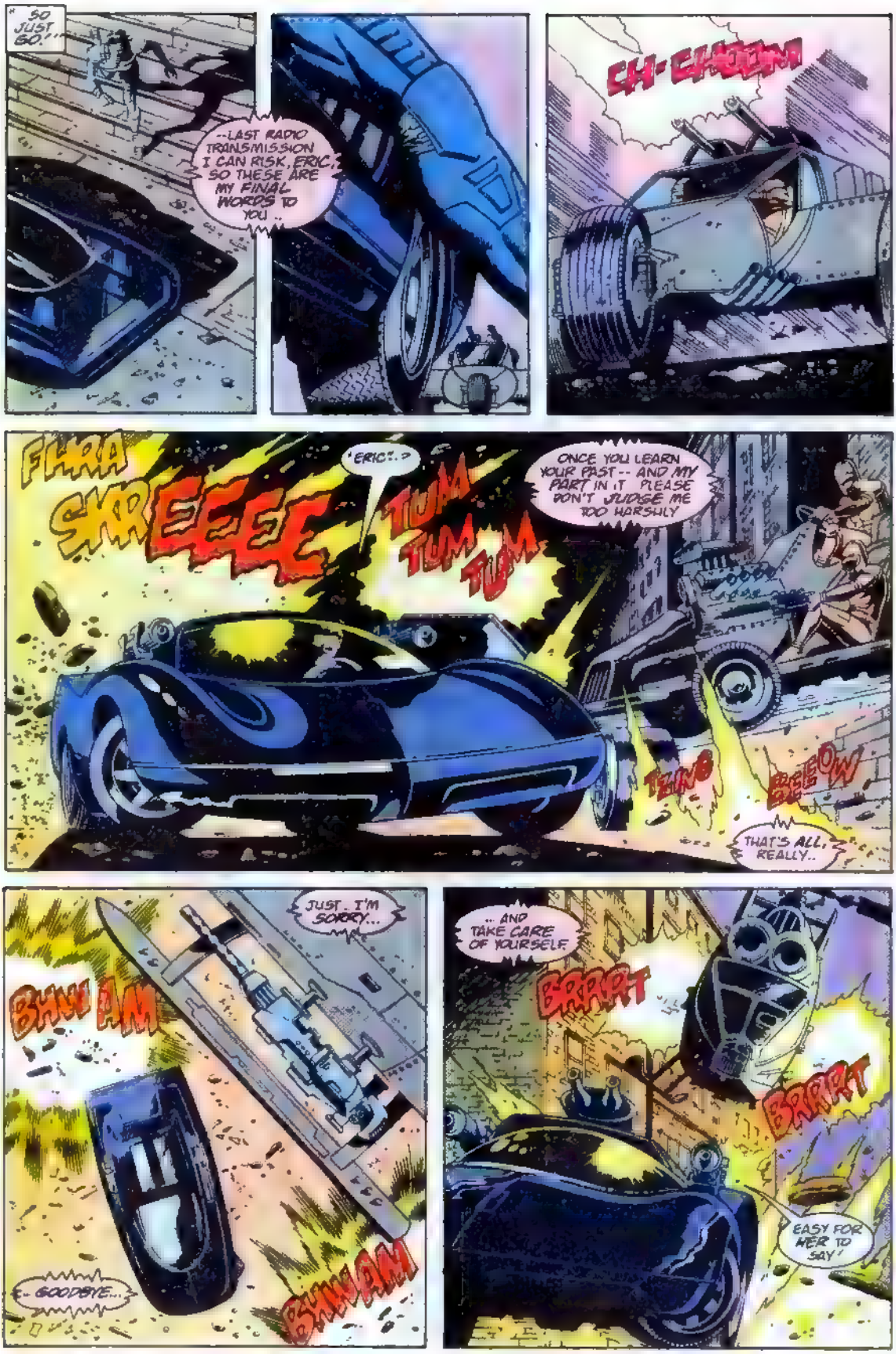
BUT I CAN INPUT YOUR PERSONAL HISTORY DATA INTO YOUR INTERNAL COMPUTER-- EVERY FACT OF YOUR PREVIOUS LIFE...
EVERY "FACT." ALL THE "DATA"... BUT NONE OF THE EMOTIONS.
.. SO MY COMPUTER WILL KNOW WHO I WAS, AND IT'LL BE ABLE TO TELL ME ABOUT THAT MAN-- BUT I STILL WON'T REMEMBER, WON'T TRULY KNOW WHO I AM, AND I'LL NEVER BE THAT MAN AGAIN ..

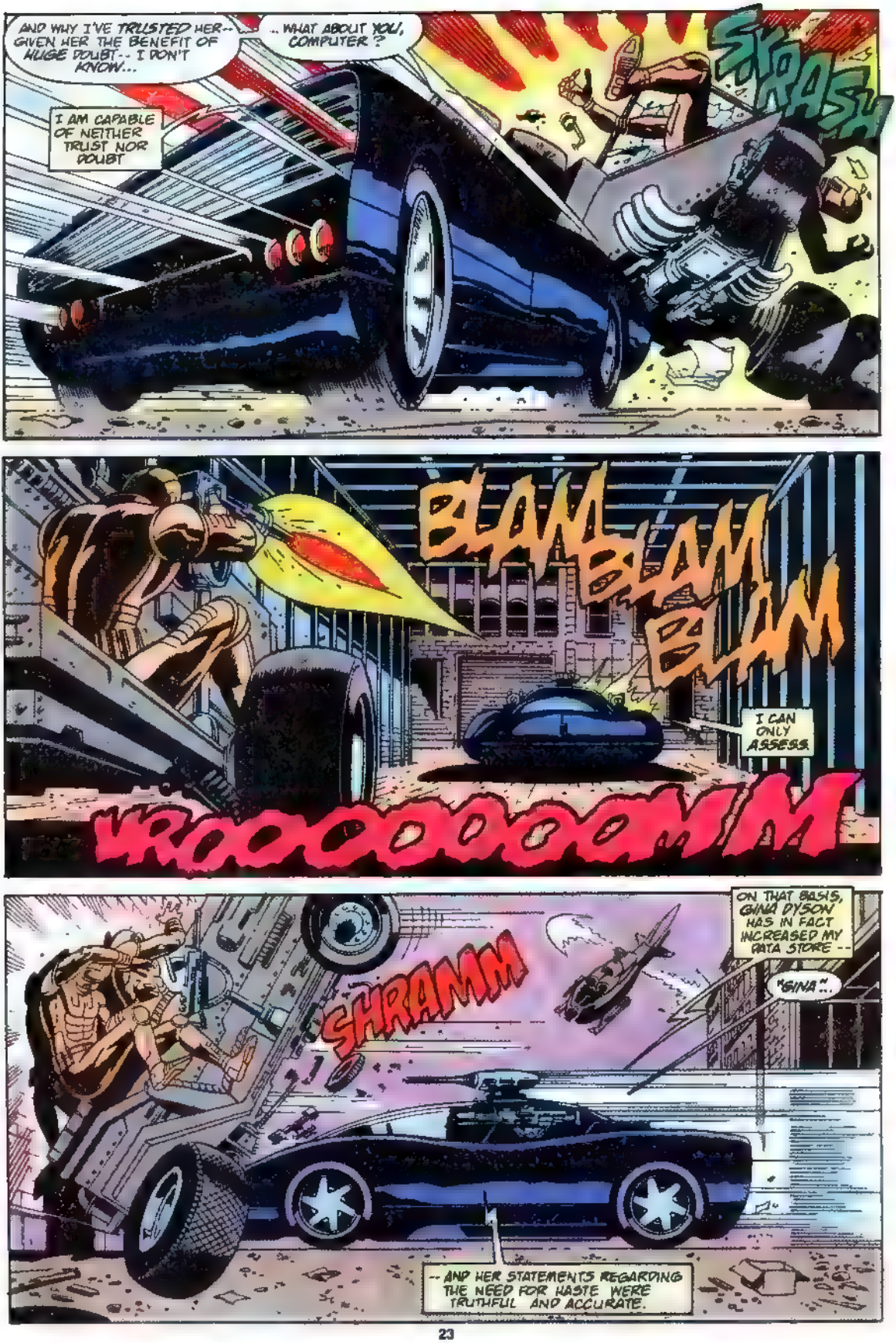
I'M AFRAID THAT'S CORRECT.
YOU ARE-- OR THE MAN YOU WERE, IS-- AFTER ALL, DEAD
BUT, BELIEVE ME, WHAT I OFFER IS THE BEST YOU CAN HOPE FOR.


AND WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU?
ONCE YOU'RE ABLE TO ACCESS THE FACTS OF YOUR PAST YOU'LL KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD TRUST ME

AND BEFORE THEN? RIGHT NOW...?
RIGHT NOW, COLDBLOOD-7, YOU ARE LITTLE MORE THAN A BLANK SLATE HOOKED TO A LARGELY IGNORANT COMPUTER.
RIGHT NOW .. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE


ALL RIGHT... EVEN IF THIS IS A TRAP TO OFF ME, I WON'T EVEN KNOW WHO DIED--
--SO WHY SHOULD I CARE?
BECAUSE I DO - AND IT'S NOT A TRAP
CHK!
NOW JUST RELAX-- YOU WON'T FEEL A THING.
THIS IS A DIRECT FEED INTO YOUR COMPUTER-- AND IF IT WEREN'T BUILT INTO YOUR CHEST HOUSING, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE TO BE HERE
.. AFRAID HE'S HERE, MAKO-- SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE COMPLEX, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE!
EVEN OUR INTERNAL SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM HAS SOMEHOW BEEN SHUT DOWN!
THEN I WANT THE COMPLEX SEARCHED CORRIDOR BY CORRIDOR, OFFICE BY OFFICE -- NOW!
IT'S ALREADY UNDER WAY, SIR
THAT'S IT? IT'S DONE? I CAN ASK MY COMPUTER ABOUT MY PAST?
NOT NOW! IF MAKO LEARNS WHAT I'VE DONE, HE MAY GIVE UP ANY HOPE OF REGAINING CONTROL OF YOU
.. HE MAY TRY TO SIMPLY DESTROY YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE!
I TRIED TO LEAVE.
I FIXED THAT, TOO-- AT THE SAME TIME I WAS INPUTTING YOUR PERSONAL HISTORY-- AND YOUR CAR WON'T SHUT DOWN AT THE WALL THIS TIME, NOR WILL YOU.
ALL RIGHT, BUT WHO'S THIS "MAKO"--?
THERE'S NO TIME!
YOU WON'T KNOW IT UNTIL YOU ACCESS YOUR COMPUTER, BUT NOW YOU DO HAVE REASON TO LIVE


"SO JUST GO."
--LAST RADIO TRANSMISSION I CAN RISK, ERIC; SO THESE ARE MY FINAL WORDS TO YOU ..
CH-CHUNK
FLRRA
SKREEEE
'ERIC'..?
TUM TUM TUM
ONCE YOU LEARN YOUR PAST -- AND MY PART IN IT PLEASE DON'T JUDGE ME TOO HARSHLY
TZNG
EEEOW
THAT'S ALL, REALLY..
JUST. I'M SORRY...
BAM AM
... GOODBYE...
BAM AM
... AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
BRRRT
BRRRT
EASY FOR HER TO SAY!


AND WHY I'VE TRUSTED HER-- GIVEN HER THE BENEFIT OF HUGE DOUBT-- I DON'T KNOW...
.. WHAT ABOUT YOU, COMPUTER ?
I AM CAPABLE OF NEITHER TRUST NOR DOUBT
SKRASH
BLAM BLAM BLAM
I CAN ONLY ASSESS.
VROOOOOOOMM
ON THAT BASIS, GINA DYSON HAS IN FACT INCREASED MY DATA STORE --
"GINA"..
SHRAMM
-- AND HER STATEMENTS REGARDING THE NEED FOR HASTE WERE TRUTHFUL AND ACCURATE.

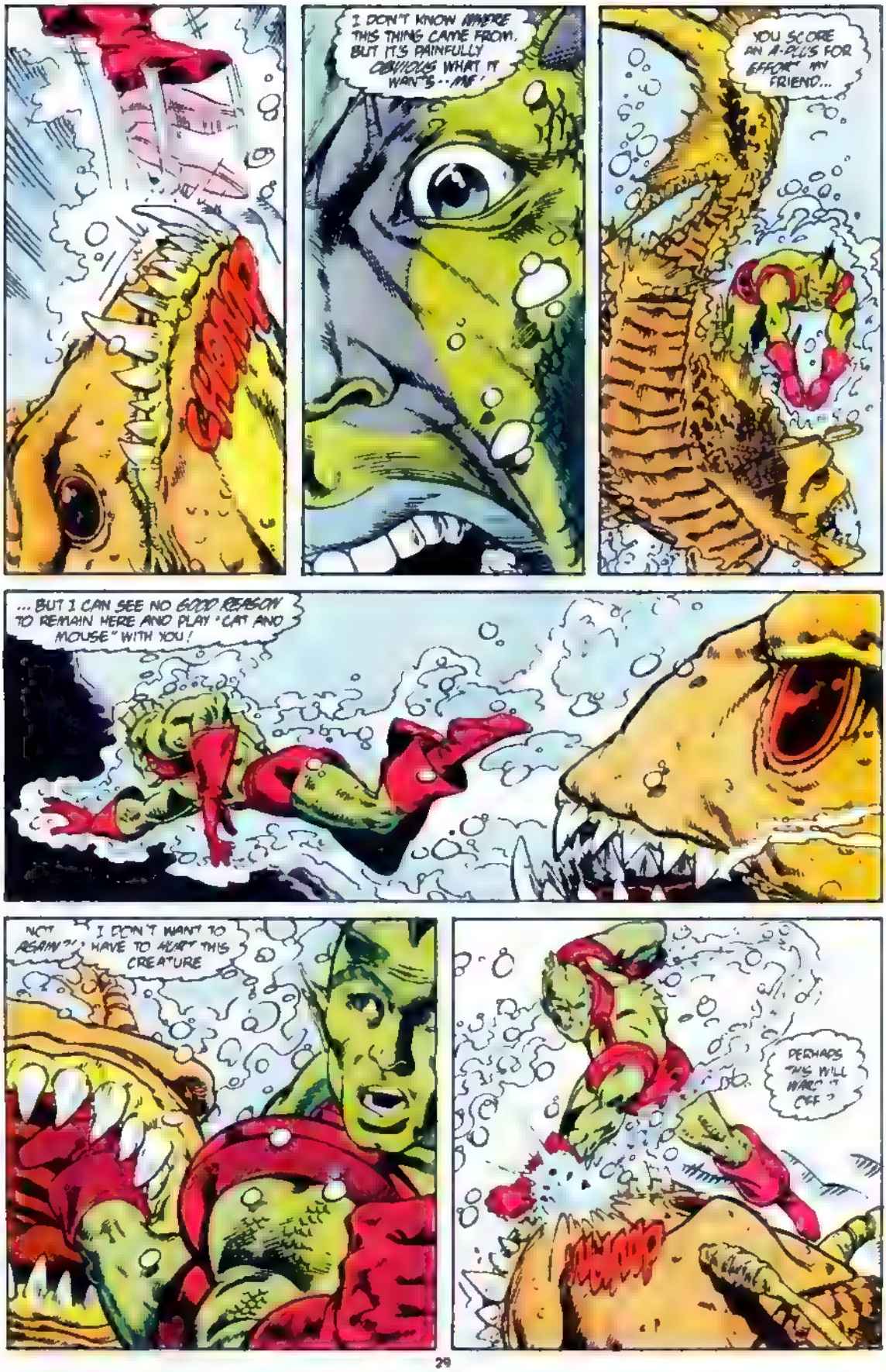
NO KIDDIN', COMPUTER - BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WALL--?
ADVICE BASED ON ASSESSMENT OF PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. DO NOT GO NEAR THE WALL -- UNLESS GINA DYSON HAS IN FACT PRECLUDED OUR SHUTDOWN
SO LIVE A LITTLE! TAKE A GUESS!
TO ATTAIN MAXIMUM RAMMING SPEED, DEPRESS ACCELERATOR PEDAL TO THE FLOOR
LIKE A HAMMER, BABE!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

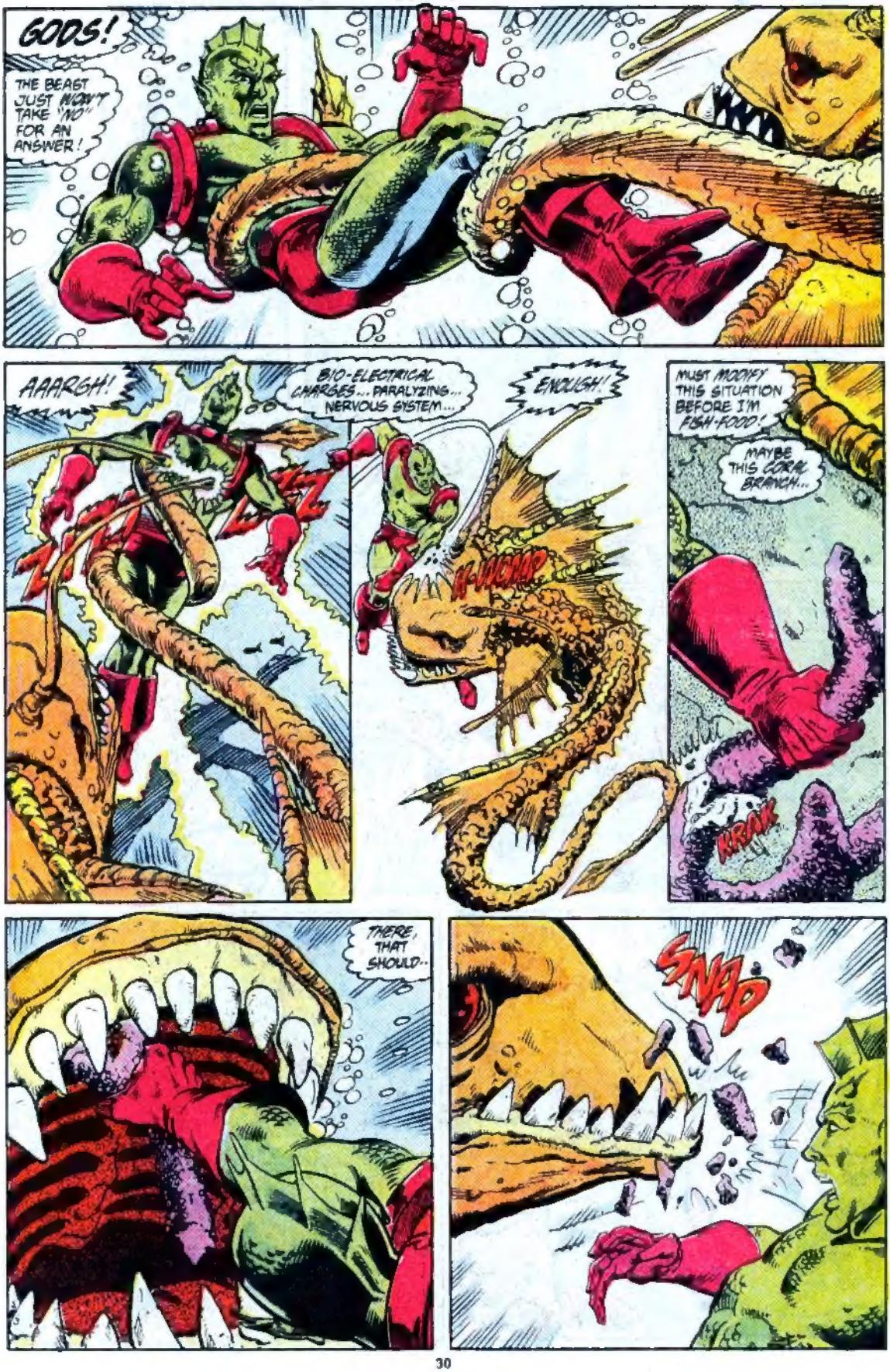
TRITON
IN
GIVING PEACE A CHANCE
ON THE WORLD OF MAYA HE IS CALLED 'TRITON'
HERE ON THE SATELLITE MOON WHICH ORBITS THAT WORLD--
FAR BELOW THE SURFACE IS THE REALM OF PEACEFULNESS
AND SO IT SOLITUDE IS A PERSONALLY ORCHESTRATED RETREAT--
--THERE IS NO NEED FOR NAMES

AS A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ATTILAN, A KINGDOM OF SO-CALLED "INHUMANS" - NOW LIVING IN THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON...
...HE HAS BEEN CALLED UPON COUNTLESS TIMES TO DO BATTLE WITH THOSE WHO WOULD SUBJUGATE HIS LAND!
HERE, THOUGH IN THE BLISSFUL BEAUTY OF THESE ARTIFICIAL UNDERGROUND LAGOONS, SEEK'S OUT WHAT HE HAUNTS...
THESE ARE ACTIONS OF NECESSITY--NOT DESIRE!

... TO FREE HIS MIND OF THE VIOLENCE!
BRAWCH
SWOOOOSH
TO SOOTHE HIS SOUL
AND FREE HIS SPIRIT
... FROM THE HORRORS!
TO GIVE PEACE A CHANCE!

GENES OF AGON!
WHAT MANNER OF MONSTROSITY IS THIS?!
WRA-OOOGH


I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS THING CAME FROM, BUT IT'S PAINFULLY OBVIOUS WHAT IT WANTS... ME!
YOU SCORE AN A-PLUS FOR EFFORT MY FRIEND...
... BUT I CAN SEE NO GOOD REASON TO REMAIN HERE AND PLAY "CAT AND MOUSE" WITH YOU!
I DON'T WANT TO HURT THIS CREATURE
NOT AGAIN?!
PERHAPS THIS WILL WARD IT OFF!


GODS!
THE BEAST JUST WON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!
AAARGH!
BIO-ELECTRICAL CHARGES... PARALYZING... NERVOUS SYSTEM...
ENOUGH!
KA-WHOMP
MUST MODIFY THIS SITUATION BEFORE I'M FISH-FOOD!
MAYBE THIS CORAL BRANCH...
KRAK
THERE, THAT SHOULD..
SNAP

NO GOOD... NO USE... AND YOU LEAVE ME--
--NO CHOICE!
KRA-
AAH

ONCE AGAIN THERE IS QUIET AND STILLNESS IN THE LADY LAGOON.
BUT NOW, THERE IS ALSO DEATH AND SORROW!
I AM SORRY, "MONSTER", YOU... YOU GAVE ME NO OPTION. I... I TRIED TO AVOID THIS FIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW SUCH A CREATURE CAME TO EXIST HERE!
I THOUGHT I COULD ESCAPE ALL THE ENDLESS BATTLING-- AWAY FROM THE INTERFERENCE OF OTHERS...
...BUT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH NATURE ITSELF CONSPIRES AGAINST ME.
WE LEAVE HIM NOW--ALONE--WITH HIS QUESTIONS, HIS THOUGHTS, ALONE-- WITH THE STILLNESS AND... THE QUIET.
AND... PEACE? I'M AFRAID THAT THERE IS NO PEACE TO BE FOUND TODAY--ON THE MOON OR ANYWHERE ELSE.
OXXON
INDUSTRIES
"BUILDING A BETTER FUTURE TODAY"
THE END?

BLACK PANTHER
RACES THE CLOCK TO SAVE THE LIFE OF AN INNOCENT CHILD!
TRITON
VS. MUTATED MOON LIFE!
COLDBLOOD
MEETS HIS MAKER!